

## Another First Kiss by [libraralien](#)

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### Author's Note:

- For [gala\\_apples](#).

Nancy wondered if the three of them would have ended up friends if they had not had to save each other's lives multiple times now. It felt different from her other friendships, and maybe it was because now she'd had sex with both of them, or maybe it was because they had all almost died together. It was hard to tell.

When she had dated Steve, Jonathan had eventually reassured her he was fine with it, and he and Steve had become friends, or something like it. And then when she started dating Jonathan (well, if she was being totally honest, when she cheated on Steve with Jonathan), Steve had reassured her he was fine with it. And it seems like her meant it too. Because all three of them were laying on the floor of Steve's living room, half watching old movies on TV, half talking and goofing around as it snowed outside. Steve's parents were out of town again, and even though they were being as well behaved as any parent could hope, there was still a certain thrill for Nancy in being unsupervised.

The illusion of being three normal teenagers broke for a moment when the phone rang and they all startled at the noise as if it was not something they all heard regularly.

"I'll get it," said Steve, jumping up.

"Hello...Sure, just a second," and then much louder, "Jonathan it's your mom."

A look of dread came over Jonathan's face, but he got up and went to go retrieve the phone. When Steve returned he and Nancy traded sympathetic, worried looks. What if something had happened. Or what if nothing had happened, but Joyce was panicking. Both seemed likely. Neither spoke, as they both listened to Jonathan's end of the conversation

"Hey mom...Ok mom, I won't....Yeah, we have food. And we'll be fine. I've lived here my whole life mom, I know what to do in a snowstorm...Yeah, I'll talk to you tomorrow. I love you."

He returned sheepishly to the living room.

"My mom doesn't want me driving in the snow."

Steve went opened the curtains to the nearest window.

"Oh shit, it really is coming down hard out there. You can totally stay here tonight," Steve said before Jonathan even got a chance to try to bring it up, "We have plenty of rooms, even if my parents were around, it would be fine. It's chill."

"Thanks, I appreciate it. You know how my mom worries," he said. And they did know how Joyce worried, although nobody would accuse her of it not being justified at this point.

"Nancy, you should probably call your mom and ask what she wants you to do, since I drove you here," Jonathan said, still embarrassed.

Nancy knew she could go ask her mom or dad to pick her up. But she didn't want to. She was having a great time doing nothing with them. She was so lucky her inconstancy as a girlfriend hadn't ruined whatever it was they all had now. She enjoyed being alone with either of them, but she was happiest when they were all three together.

She called her mom.

"Mom, it's too snowy to drive, so I am staying here for tonight."

Not asking to stay, not even raising the option of her mom picking her up. Her mom had more or less let her do what she wanted ever since, well, everything.

"Ok sweetie, smarter for everybody to stay off the road. Stay safe." Nancy didn't know if she meant "don't drive" or "don't have sex" or "don't do something dangerous involving the government again."

"I guess we are all staying here tonight," she said to them both, not at

all disappointed.

"Slumber party," Jonathan said smiling.

"Yeah, Steve, go get your nail polish. We can do that after we all take turns braiding each other's hair."

"Ha ha," Steve said dryly, instinctively reaching up to touch his hair, as if even the idea of anybody doing something silly to it might have messed it up.

He got up and walked to the kitchen and returned holding three beers. "Well, now that nobody is driving tonight, how about instead we do exactly what everybody assumes unattended teenagers are going to do anyway?" Nancy knew he meant drinking, but she couldn't help but think of other implications.

"I don't know, I think it's snowing too hard for us to go outside and vandalize anybody's driveway," Jonathan joked, catching the beer Steve tossed to him.

The beer did not turn the evening into a raucous party however, and the continued much as they had before, sitting or laying on the floor, half watching the movies on TV, mostly talking and joking. Nancy felt herself loosen as the single beer affected her tiny frame. She didn't like the taste, but she enjoyed the feeling of warmth and ease.

She was jolted out of her lazy good mood when Steve said, "It's funny, Nancy, last time I saw you around here drinking, it was that first..." before trailing off, realizing that in one careless swoop he had brought up his and Nancy's past in front of Jonathan, the last night Nancy saw Barb, and the catalyst of his and Jonathan's fight all at once. He wasn't normally someone who could bring such a swift end to a lighthearted evening like that, but he realized at once his mistake. Nancy and Jonathan went quiet.

"Well, last time all three of us were here, actually," Nancy joked, trying but failing to save the moment. Jonathan blushed powerfully.

"Don't worry, I'm not even mad about it anymore Jonathan, I mean, without you taking pictures, we would never have figured anything

out. I'm not mad, are you mad still Steve?" she continued, gently placing a hand on Jonathan's thigh.

"Nah, I'm not still mad. I wasn't even in any of the photos, even though my hair looked, like, really good that evening," Steve jumped in, letting everybody know he was also willing to join in the joke, "And now that nobody's mad, I gotta ask, what were you trying to get a picture of. I mean, I know I said that you were a pervert and were trying to take pictures of like, us having sex, but was that actually what you were trying to do? I won't even care if you say yes, I'm just curious."

The alcohol must have made him bold. Jonathan looked utterly incapable of words, but after several moments of blushing and staring at his hands managed, "No I wouldn't have taken a picture of that...but I might have watched."

"Jonathan!" Nancy gasped, but she was laughing. He gave her a tiny smile.

"Well, you got balls to admit it, dude. Wouldn't it be weird though, seeing a guy have sex with a girl you liked."

Jonathan clearly had thought his admission would be shocking and funny enough not lead to further questioning.

"No, not really. I mean, it's not like...it's not like I had any chance, then, so what is there to be jealous of. And it's more like watching people, how they act with each other, than imagining myself as part of it at all. It's like I'm not there when I'm taking photos of people. I don't...I don't know if that makes sense."

Rather than share his embarrassment, Nancy felt emboldened by hearing this. She loved his blushing, his squirming. She wanted to see more of it. It was something she liked about being with Jonathan: she almost always had the upper hand on him, even if she was nervous herself, and his combination of shyness and occasional boldness meant she often left him stuttering and slightly horrified and turned on when they were together.

She saw that the moment of vulnerability was about to slip away,

that the conversation was going to drift back to safer topics, and she realized she didn't want it to. She wanted this moment of openness between the three of them to continue. She wanted to hold on to this strange energy to see where it would go. She could also tell that if the attention stayed on him for one moment longer, Jonathan was going to burst.

Steve smiled and opened his mouth, but whatever joke he was about to say was cut off as Nancy said, "Watching, huh?" and turned to press her mouth against Steve's.

And that was one of the things she liked about Steve. His confidence, his willingness to jump into any situation, be it suddenly being responsible for several panicked children, fighting a monster with a baseball bat, or making out with his friend-who-used-to-date in front of his other friend, who she is now dating. No questions, just action, confidence, and a special loyalty and trust in Nancy. She missed this part of being with him.

Nancy didn't want to open her eyes or look at Jonathan, because looking at him might break the spell, but she could feel that he had gone totally still and silent beside her, beside them. Not until she broke the kiss did she turn to look at him. He was transfixed.

Steve also was looking at her as if he was under a spell. They clearly both did not know what she thought she was doing, but neither were saying stop.

She had had only one drink, she wasn't even drunk, but the utter rapture she held them both under made her feel drunker. It was like they had all been waiting for this to happen (this evening, for the weeks since she slept with Jonathan, for the months before that when the three of them had started to hang out together) and they were looking for her for directions about what happened next. There was no script for how this went, she realized, there was no base that this counted as.

She kissed him again and this time leaned slowly back, forcing him to lean forwards more and more until she was laying down and he was on top of her. Jonathan still hadn't moved beside her. He still didn't know what he should be doing, but Steve caught on. Nancy felt him

slide a hand up the inside of her thigh and she shivered from the thrill of it. She scooted her skirt up, both so that he could reach, and so that Jonathan could see her underwear.

As she continued to kiss Steve, now grinding underneath him slightly, she reached one arm out and laid it on Jonathan's hand. After a moment, he moved to hold her hand. It was a tender motion. She wanted him to know that she wasn't trying to humiliate him, that his wasn't a particularly dramatic instance of her bouncing between boyfriends yet again, but was for him, for all of them.

It had been nice being with Jonathan, because even though she had only had sex with one other person a handful of times, it was still more than he had, and she liked that upper hand. However, after the initial thrill of it wore out, the truth was, he was not good at it. It was not through lack of trying, but inexperience combined with nerves combined with excitement meant that his attempts at sex had been charming fumbling at best. And he knew it.

Unfortunately, he was too shy to ask and ridiculously, she was still too nervous to bring it up, as if she said anything about sex out loud to him she would humiliate him and scare him off for good. Well, now there was no reason to talk about it. He could simply watch and learn.

Not as if Steve was an expert, but he seemed to be touching her between her legs with a certain degree of purpose and confidence as she lay flat on her back, knees up, skirt slid up her thighs.

As he slid down slightly to kiss her neck, she opened her eyes and finally looked at Jonathan, and at the same time tugged his hand. He leaned toward her and kissed her on the mouth and while she couldn't place the emotion it was the most Nancy had ever felt at once, and she had no idea where this ended. But she had an idea what needed to happen next.

She broke her kiss with Jonathan and grabbed the back of Steve's hair and gently tugged him away from her neck. She turned his head until he was facing Jonathan. Their eyes met and she let go.

Now it was Nancy's turn to watch. She leaned back from Steve and let

her head fall on the carpet and watched. Jonathan froze, but Steve kept leaning forwards. Between the three of them, he was the one with enough confidence to keep the momentum of their actions going, to make it more than halting impulses. Nancy knew this and knew this is why she, they, needed him.

When their lips met, Nancy could see a moment of hesitation, but they both seemed to realize that they had already come to far, they were already touching. They pushed into one another with a certain enthusiasm bordering on aggression that Nancy couldn't help but think of the time they had fought, in front of her, because of her. They would never have done this without Nancy either, and with it, it felt like whatever was between all of them was complete. And they were still going.

It felt like another first time.